

Beyond Human

by Ernie Thundertooth

Category: Half-Life

Genre: Adventure

Language: English

Status: Completed

Published: 2001-07-25 08:00:00

Updated: 2001-07-25 08:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-26 20:42:50

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,045

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: A lone terrorist in the trainyard becomes something more than human as he avenges his comrades and struggles to complete his mission objective

Beyond Human

Beyond Human

>

>Hey guys, it's too bad there's no Counterstrike category, but putting this under Half-Life will do I guess. I just hope plenty of people can find this. Feel free to read and review if you like or hate this. E-mail me, Brian, at poopy976@hotmail.com.

>

>My legs were splayed out to either side and I was focussed on the action through my scope, trying to draw a bead on the counter-terrorist scum who had sprinted out from behind the train. The bullet hit me right through the lower left side and I went down before I knew I was hit.
Bullets were still flying into the wall and I managed to drag myself to some cover, behind a few barrels. My rifle was laying on the ground where I had been hit and all I had left was a knife. I felt my wound and blood just kept coming out. I tried to stop it and finally managed to ram some wadded up tissue I had in my pocket into the ragged hole. I screamed in pain but the adrenaline and endorphines soon began to take the edge off.

>Just to be sure I would be alright, I took something right on the spot. The needle-ful of heroin gave me the insane rush of adrenaline as usual. The rush was so much more though, I could feel the pain still, but I was far beyond it, and I was ready!
I got back onto my feet and began to stalk around to another route behind the anti-terrorist force. The gun fire had slackened a minute before and I knew that my ambushed friends were either dead or in hiding. I was going to kill those counter-terrorist sons of bitches!

>Drawing further energy from my resolve and the heroin, I broke into a minor trot, as fast as the pain and my maintained silence would allow. Walking with painstaking care among some garbage cans, I crouched behind them as silent as a whisper. In the shadows, I knew I

was in my element and the combined heroin and adrenaline highs multiplied until I knew I was invincible, become some sort of angel of death, floating above my enemies to kill indiscriminantly.
My first target wove his way into my range with such fearful disgrace, sweating and breathing while walking crouched, I felt it may be a dishonor to me should I kill him. However, I realized quickly that I was here to deal death, and my ultimate skills knew no limits or honor. Thus, I came from behind the garbage, actually leaping over them and landing prone with complete silence.

>I was stalking, and I could smell my enemies stench, when my entire consciousness became alerted. Without thought, I leapt back into the alcove I had been hiding previously as bullets sprayed into my former position and tore my former prey to pieces. I laughed booming and loud and broke cover to sprint into a building.
Voices echoed down the hall and every part of me became ready, a killing machine poised to destroy. I found the bomb we had been planning to use then and scooped it up. I didn't care about the mission at this point, but what the hell. Grinning, I tucked the bomb into a strap right over my wound that had begun bleeding again.

>Of course, one of the counter terrorists had wandered toward my position right then, and I took advantage of the moment to back into a shadowed corner near a crate. He wove in front of me and my entire form contracted like a great animal predator. My strike, so fluid and fast, hit him and pierced through his armor. He didn't have a chance to yell as I snatched him back into the shadows with me and eased him to the ground.
For a moment, I considered leaving his gun and finishing the rest of them this way, but I decided I'd be better safe than sorry and grabbed the silenced colt with some extra cartridges. I started running full out then, regardless of the pain. I was in a sort of joyous ecstasy as I launched myself down the hall with a gun and a bomb.

>I leapt out of a doorway and flew into a graceful roll on the gravel surface. Rising up to my knees, I fired as if I hadn't even thought about it. Two bullets. A two bullet burst destroyed my first enemy. He went flying backwards as the bullets struck him. The gravel exploded around me as another gun bursted behind me. I had the biggest smile on my face as I whipped around and unloaded the rest of the clip, neutralizing him.
I rose, somewhat more tiredly as the pain started weakening me further, and started running again towards my bombsite.

>The nuclear payload was brightly painted and labelled, so it was easy to figure where to put the c4. I was all focus as I set the bomb for 45 seconds and wedged it partially under the nuclear material. I settled down then, and leaned the gun on my knees. I hadn't realized it, but despite my running my breath was so even and deep, like I was perfectly at peace. I smiled again, rubbed my nose, and loaded a new clip into the m4a1. Such a brilliant gun, I loved the sound of it everytime I shot.
As I sat and waited, a counter-terrorist wandered crouched and backwards into my view. "Hey!" I shouted. He spun and started firing as he darted out of view again. Two bullets hit my leg and arm, destroying my body further. "Oh shit," I muttered and laid down.

>"Stop!" I yelled again. "They're all dead and I'm not going to hurt you! Besides, you'll hit this nuclear shit!" The counter-terrorist wandered out from the corner slowly. I was surprised, but then I understood. He was crying uncontrollably, this was the one who had shot his friend.
I was sympathetic but detached. "Hey, it's a bitch isn't it?"

>
The bomb exploded and my world turned to a white-molten bliss.

End
file.